

New York March 5. 48

My dear Florence

The hand-writing of your letter is so miserable, that I am not sure I have made it out. & I have it seems to me you are the same old sixpence you used to be, rather rusty, but a genuine piece.

I see nothing for you in this earth but that field which I once christened "Briars"; go out upon that, build yourself a hut, & there begin the grand process of devouring yourself alive. I see no alternative, no other hope for you. Eat yourself up; you will eat nobody else, nor anything else.

Concord is just as good a place as any other; there are indeed, more people in the streets of that village, than in the streets of this. This is a singularly muddy town; muddy, solitary, & silent.

They tell us, it is March; it has been all March in this place, since I came. It is much warmer now, than it was last November, foggy, rainy, & unpropitious weather indeed.

In your care,
I have not done a great deal since I arrived here; I do not mean the Pencil line, but the Staten Island line, having been there once, to walk on a beach by the Telegraph, but did not visit the scene of your dominical duties. Staten Island is very distant from No. 30 Arm St.

I saw polite William Emerson in November last, but have not caught any glimpse of him since then. I am as usual suffering the various alternations from a gony to despair, from hope to fear, from pain to pleasure. Such wretched one-sided productions as you, know nothing of the universal man; you may think yourself well off.

That baker, — Tucker, who used to live on two crackers a day, I have not seen, nor Black, nor Vathek, nor Davesag nor Rynders, or any of Emerson's old cronies, excepting James, a little fat, rosy Ohweduborgian amateur, with the look of a broker, & the brains & heart of a Pascal. — Mr Channing, I see nothing of him; he is the dupe of good feelings, & I have all-too-many of these now.

I have seen something of your friends, Waldo, and Tappan, I have also seen our good man "McKean", the keeper of that stupid place the "Mercantile Library". I have been able to find three or four which I should like to read.

Regarding the country about this city, there is a walk at Brooklyn rather pleasing, to ascend upon the high ground, & look at the distant Ocean. This, is a very agreeable sight. I have been four miles up the island in addition, where I saw, the bay; it looked very well, and appeared to be in good spirits.

I should be pleased to hear from Kam Ratscha occasionally; my last advice from the Polar Bear are getting stale. In addition to this, I find that my Corresponding members at Van Diemen's Land, have wandered into Limbo. I acknowledge that I have not lately corresponded very much with that section.

I hear occasionally from the World; everything seems to be promising in that quarter, business is flourishing, & the people are in good spirits. I feel convinced that the Earth has less claims to our regard, than formerly; these wild writers deserve severe censure. But I am well aware that the Earth will talk about the necessity of routine, taxes, &c. On the whole, it is best not to complain without necessity.

Mumbo Jumbo is recovering from his attack of sore eyes, & will soon be out, in a pair of canvas trousers, scarlet jacket, & cocked hat. I understand he intends to demolish all the remaining species of Fetishism at a meal; I think it is probable it will vomit him. I am sorry to say, that Poly-Poly has received intelligence of the death of his only daughter, Maria; this will be a terrible wound to his paternal heart.

I saw Sarpelssrock a few days since; he is wretchedly poor, has an attack of the colic, & expects to get better immediately. He said a few words to me, about you. Says he, that fellow Moorean might be something, if he would only take a Journey through the Everlasting No, thence for the North Pole.

By God", said the old clothes-bag "warming up"; I should
 like to take that fellow out into the Everlasting No, &
 explode him like a bomb-shell; he would make a
 loud report. He needs the Plummer flower burners;
 that would be his salvation. He is too dry, too ^{complicated} ~~complex~~,
 too chalky, too concrete. I want to get him into my
 fingers. It would be fun to see him pick himself up."
 I "canned" the old fellow in a majestic style.

Single
 Henry Thoreau
 Concord.
 Mass.

5000-ESC-71038-1754

Does that execrable compound of Sawdust & Stagnation,
 Alcott still pore about nothing, & that nutmeg-grater
 of a Hooper yet shriek about nothing, - does anybody
 still think of coming to Concord & live, I mean new people?
 If they do, let them beware of your philosophers.

Ever yours, dear Haven

WEL

W. E. Channing